

THE New COURT.

To the Tune of *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

1. **T**O all you Tories far from Court,
We Courtiers now in Play,
Do write, to tell you how we sport,
And pass the Hours away:
The King, the Prince, the *Turks*, and all,
Attend us with each Feast and Ball.
With a fa la la la.
2. But if we can't the whole relate
With ev'ry Circumstance,
Think not we're Foes unto the State,
Or that we're Friends to *France*;
But that the Ladies, and *Champagne*,
Do fill our Heads, and crack our Brain.
3. First *Kilmanseck* commands our Hearts;
For her each *Briton* dies;
And now we find that *Cupid's* Darts
Are shot from *German* Eyes.
No *Cupid*, thou do'st no such thing;
We die for her to gain the King.
4. The *Roman* Dutchess next appears
Most forward in the Van;
Tho' batter'd in *Italian* Wars,
She yet will kill her Man:
But she's engag'd to her dear Lord,
And never once hath broke her Word!
5. Next Lady *Rocheſter* displays
Her cheap, and wither'd Charms;
Coquets it fifty sev'ral Ways,
But yet no Lover warms:
Alas! the Maids of Honour's Eyes
Are now a-days but sad Supplies.
6. The Reform'd Ladies of the Town
With envious Eyes behold
The *British* Mitre and the Crown
By *Papiſt* Miſſes rul'd.
*Can't George, like Will, amongst us chuſe
One Prot'ſtant Dame fit for his Uſe?*
7. But let them know his Miſſes are,
Tho' *Papiſts*, yet our Glory;
Not *French*, but ſolid *German* Warc;
And Foes to ev'ry *Tory*,
Then in ſuch *Papiſts* where's the Harm,
If *George's* Bed each Night they warm?
8. But we muſt not the *Men* forget,
Left Ladies angry grow;
The King we'll therefore higheſt ſet,
And then the Prince below;
With all their Lords and Grooms ſo true,
And Knights in Green, and Knights in Blue.
9. The Duke of *Ormond* is diſgrac'd;
The Firſt o'th' *Tory* Clann;
In *Bothmar's* Hands no Gold he plac'd,
Nor injur'd Good Queen *ANNE*:
But loves the Church, and Old *England*,
And therefore is not fit to ſtand.
10. But *John* of *Marlborough* hath got
Our Mighty Monarch's Ear;
Whence we conclude our Liege --- is ſtout,
And ſcorns to think of Fear:
Elſe why ſhou'd he *Jack Churchill* truſt,
Who never yet to Prince was juſt?
11. Now *Cooper* learn'd in *Mystery*,
Shall teach (by *Speculation*)
How *George* may praſtiſe *Bigamy*,
If there ſhou'd be Occaſion;
Then who can be ſo fit a Man
To keep our Liege's Conſcience clean?
12. And now that Conſcience hath been nam'd,
Old *Sarum* muſt come in;
A Prelate for Religion ſam'd,
And for the *Depths of Sin*!
Who chuſes ſuch a *Ghostly* Guide,
Doth wiſely for his Soul provide!
13. But all, that now adorn the Court,
To number would be vain;
The King's has not on Earth its Sort,
Except the Prince's Train:
There's *Richmond*, *Hertford*, *Stairs*, *Argyle*,
Enough to make a Dog to ſmile.
14. New Maſters now we muſt obey,
And therefore learn new Rules;
Strange Faſhions now will come in Play,
Strange Stateſmen, Wits, and Fools:
And this muſt ſure the *Engliſh* pleaſe;
For they delight in Novelties.
15. And now you Churchmen may reflect
How gen'rous we have been,
By ſhewing what you muſt expect,
If we continue in:
Our Open War we have Declar'd,*
Then you're to blame, if unprepar'd.

* See our late Declaration: